

and to spare, but I want only the gold,—Christ and him crucified, the blessed Son of God, the Rock of my Salvation, the all in all.

And when men bring their damning heresies about me I cling the closer to my gold,—“my Lord and my God.” A man should keep his eyes on his gold when a cheat is about, for that is the time of all times to be watching.

St. Paul gloried in nothing but the cross of Christ, or Christ and him crucified, but how many small, shriveled, deformed, hump back, loud mouthed, pretentious Christians, who are not worthy to eat of the crumbs of Paul's table, glory in this doctrine or that as their Savior.

When a man adores anything else than Christ he is an idolater and his hope of Heaven is beclouded at the least. Christ must out-shine everything else as the Sun does our feeble lamps,—the “all in all,” or else *he* is not *our* God.

Paul speaks of some in his day who made Gods of their bellies, and whose end is destruction, but how many make Gods of their pet ideas other than the true God and throw them to the world as such. Paul in Phil. iii, 8, 9, says, “I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may gain Christ. And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.”

Now here we see how a true disciple of Christ will count *all things* but *dung* that he may gain Christ. And not having *his own righteousness*, which is of the law, but *that righteousness* which is of Christ, which shields *our* deformity and nakedness and *makes us* acceptable unto God. For the just live by faith, and not by our own pet themes or works of righteousness.

Fisher's Hill, Va.

A FRUITFUL SEED.

A lady in the town of L——, in the northern part of New Hampshire, who had been a lover of the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, was taken very ill. She feared she was about to die and confided her anxieties to a

friend who was with her, and sought her help and her prayers.

“Don't talk to me,” replied her friend, “I am not a Christian; I can do nothing for you;” but she advised her to send for a Christian lady who might perhaps do her good.

The lady came, but for some reason did not succeed in ministering comfort and leading her into the way of peace. Then another Christian woman was called in, and she conversed with her faithfully, but she found no relief from the burden of sin and sorrow which oppressed her. At length her visitor said:

“I have a little tract which I think will do you good.” She went and got the tract, and from the reading of that tract the sick woman was helped into the paths of peace and rest.

The good news spread about the neighborhood. Curiosity was awakened, and that little tract which had been so blessed to the sick woman, went into as many as *twenty-five families*, there to be read by others, and to turn their thoughts to Christ, the Lamb of God, the sinner's Friend. The story of this tract was told by the veteran tract distributor and Bible colporter, Deacon George W. Brown, of New Hampshire, who, during some forty years traversed every part of that state, traveling every road in New Hampshire and scattering the Word of Life among the people.

“What was the name of that tract?” we inquired. He could not tell, but promised to ascertain. We saw him a few weeks later when preaching in Concord, N. H., and inquired of him the name of the tract which had been so blessed. He said it was “*My Friend*.”

This was not the first nor yet the last instance of that tract being blessed to the salvation of sinners. Many thousand copies of this tract have been scattered during the last thirty years; a few have been heard from; of most no tidings have come back. But we trust that many thousand more will be scattered, and we hope some of them will be heard from in the great harvest day, when those that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

The brother who told us this story has finished his course, has distributed his last tract, has made his last offering

to aid others in this work, and now rests from his labors, but his works do follow him; and we trust that in the glorious kingdom of our God it will be found that many souls will be gathered and garnered as the fruit of the good seed which he has sown on good ground, and which will bring forth thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

—Selected.

PICKED FROM THE WAYSIDE.

[The following without name postmarked Beatrice, Neb., we give thinking possibly the author forgot to sign it. Ed.]

It is said, one pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into all eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hour of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.

Whenever a church bell rings, it means that God is willing to forgive every penitent sinner on earth.

Aim to keep the devil out of the church if you want to drive him out of the world.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread.

The man whose head is in the clouds will often be found standing with his foot on a brother's neck.

The *wrath* of God lies not upon his people although his *hand* does. Affliction is sent to kill sin, not the man. Whatsoever believers suffer, though it be death itself, they may say, Christ hath labored, and we enter into his labors. Death lost its sting on *his* side.

HELPED BY THE SPIRIT.

It is said that a missionary in Alaska saw a Bible tied at the top of a stick three feet long, and placed near the sick bed of an old man. When asked the reason for this arrangement, the man said: “I cannot read, but I know that the word of my Lord is there, and I look to heaven and say, ‘Father, that is your book. There is nobody to teach me to read. Very good; you help me. Then my heart grows stronger, and the bad goes away.’”